

it for the winter on wild peas down the Kennicott river if she knew where she was going with that pack of mine!

But she's not wise, neither are the other stampedeers' pack horses, and so we will all be on the trail by daylight.

The ride here on the Copper River & Northwestern railway is an experience of a lifetime. There isn't a railroad like it in all North America. The Guggenheims were certainly anxious to get copper out of Bonanza mine when they built it!

Railroad men of Alaska say that the late J. P. Morgan financed the road, without sending an agent to see the survey, and that when Morgan's man came up here he threw up his hands in amazement. Then he commented at length on the nerve of certain parties in getting his boss to pay out GOOD money for such a hare-brained venture!

Fifteen miles of road is built over gravel resting on the lower end of a dead glacier. The ice beneath is melting away constantly and a repair crew is on the job all the time rebuilding the roadbed where it caves in.

There are glaciers on both sides of the Copper River and the milk white streams from the melting ice take first one channel and then another.

But this is the most direct route into the great valley of the Tanana and the Yukon. The Alaska Railway Commission recommends it as the route for the government railroad. The original cost of building the line was great, but the upkeep, now that the roadbed has settled, is not usually high except in a few spots.

From Chitina, which is the end of the main line, a government wagon road extends to Fairbanks on the Tanana.

Turning east from Chitina the Kennicott branch of the Copper River & Northwestern extends to Blackburn, with a spur beyond to the Bon-

anza mine. The whole length of the road from Cordova to the mine is 195 miles.

There is a mountain of copper ore at Bonanza, but gold stampedeers have no interest in copper mines.

Quite a crowd of stampedeers, who are waiting for horses shipped north on a freighter from Seattle, greeted the train here.

Reports from these men and returned stampedeers from the gold fields were more encouraging than those at Cordova, and there was a corresponding rise in spirit among us new arrivals.

Warnings to men without horses not to go in were heeded by five. Two who had horses decided to give up, as they were not prepared to develop prospective claims before the winter sets in. Under the new law it is useless to stake a placer claim unless preparation is made to do the work required before recording the location. Some one else can come along and jump the claim, do the work and secure the final patent to the ground. Staking on speculation is thus discouraged and men actually ready to mine have a better chance.

On arriving O. D. Nash, a fellow stamper, who hails from California, introduced me to J. E. Barrett, the pioneer homesteader of McCarthy. Nash and Barrett had mined together at Dawson. We were welcome as a "hiyu muckamuck after a long mush"—a big feed after a long journey! Only a "sourdough" can appreciate this!

Friend Barrett's homestead is a mighty good place for a newcomer, and especially for a stamper. He is an experienced guide, a hunter, and if there is anything wanted that he can't supply, it is still to be recorded. He owns the typewriter on which this letter was written and thanks to a twist drill he supplied I was able to get the patent calks screwed into Grub Stake's shoes after two hours' work.

Living at Barrett's is some "skoo-